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HYMNS



AND

SKETCHES IN VERSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"TALES OF THE GREAT AND BRAVE," "TALES OF MANY
LANDS," "MY BOY'S FIRST BOOK," &c.



PHILADELPHIA:
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TO
GEORGE RAWDON ,—

THESE
HYMNS AND SKETCHES IN VERSE
ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee.

“The Lord make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

“The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.” (Numbers, vi. 24, 25, 26.)

“The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.” (Genesis, xxxi. 49.)

(iii)

PREFACE.

MY DEAR, DEAR BOY,

In the following Hymns and Sketches you, and perhaps others, may think that while most of them are suited to your early age, there are some only fitted for those who are many years your senior. This I feel to be true, but I have an excuse to plead. I have dedicated the book particularly to you, because your name is uppermost in my heart; but H——t and U——n have equal claims; and but that “human love” is *not* “the growth of human will,” those of U——n’s ought perhaps to be the strongest. Thus it is, that though nominally for you alone, I would, by suiting different parts to your different ages,

have each find in it what may interest each. Such my dear boy, is my apology, and one which by you, I know, will be readily accepted.

These hymns have not been written solely with the intention of being committed to memory, but rather in the hope that the perusal of them may often give you pleasure. Should this hope be realized, should any of these lines aid the endeavours of those around you to turn, in the midst of all your gladness, your thoughts to God, soothe you in an hour of sickness, or awaken one thought of another and a better world, then will the heart of one who dearly and fondly loves you, have ample reward.

TO MY DEAR BOY.

WHEN joyousness is round my path,
And mirth laughs near the while,
I think of thee, my gentle boy,
And bless thy name, and smile.

When sorrow's darkest frowns are near,
My heart in grief to steep,
I think of thee, my absent boy,
And bless thy name and weep.

While bending down before my God,
At opening dawn of day ;
I think of thee, my much loved boy,
And bless thy name, and pray.

(vii)

And when death's damps shall stain my brow,
And death's dews dim mine eye,
I'll think of thee, dear cherished child,
And bless thy name and die.



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H Y M N S
AND
S K E T C H E S I N V E R S E .

H Y M N .

TEACH me, Almighty God, to raise
My heart to thee, in grateful praise :
Teach me, O Lord, to bow before
Thy throne, and humbly to adore
Thy wondrous ways.

(13)

Teach me, Almighty God, to see
The wonders of the Deity :
Teach me in earth, and air, and sky,
To note thy glorious majesty.
Teach me to worship thee.

Teach me a willing ear to lend
To her, my childhood's surest friend :
Oh, teach me so to act my part,
That her name, ever in my heart,
With thine may blend.

A mother's counsels, may they be
Still welcomed and revered by me,

That I, in childhood, and in youth,
May love the sacred paths of truth,
And live alone for thee.

I thank thee for the care which gave
Me parents, who will seek to save
Their child from ill, and turn his eyes
And thoughts to that fair world, that lies
Beyond the grave,

Oh, teach me, then, to bend in prayer,
And thank thee for so great a share
Of blessings, lest I e'er should be
Thankless for mercies granted me,
And worthless of thy care.

THE DYING CHILD.

A LITTLE sufferer lay stretched upon the
bed of death :

Brief, brief had been his young career ;
the spring's rejoicing breath

Had played around his bright fair head,
through eight successive years ;

Eight joyous summers he had known ;
the ninth arose in tears ;

For he was dying ! On that brow, so
innocently fair,



LOSSING

Death had been writ. Alas ! to see his
gloomy impress there :

Alas ! to see the agony his slender form
that wrung,

While still, in every brief respite, that
holy infant sung

His song of praise, and blessed the hand
that held the chastening rod,

And prayed that pain and suffering soon
might fit him for his God ;

Or now, on feebly-bended knee, he'd
raise his loving eye,

And plead, if 'twas his Father's will,
that yet he might not die.

In the long, sleepless hours of night,
 'twas sad, but sweet to hear
How oft that fair child's voice would rise,
 first low, then proudly clear ;
And thus his gushing song he'd pour to
 that high Power above,
Who, from his earliest years, had been
 to him a God of love.

“ Lord Jesus, holy Son of God !

 Look on me where I kneel,
Thou, who though blest as heaven itself,
 For others' woes can feel.

“Look on thy child’s deep suffering ;
Look on his grief and fear :
Lord Jesus, holy Son of God,
Hear me, my Saviour, hear !

Oh, if it be thy mighty will,
Stretch forth thy hand to save :
I am too young, too unprepared,
So soon to seek the grave.

Hear me, my Father ! speak the word ;
Send me some speedy cure,
Or, if such seem not good to thee,
Then teach me to endure.

Oh, hush my feeble plaints that rise,
Let not my tear-drops flow ;
Let me not add, O God of love,
To a loved mother's woe.

I know, by her pale, thoughtful brow,
And by her altered eye,
And by the tears she strives to hide,
She *feels* that I must die.

And by the love that she has shown,
Love equalled but by thine,
And by the grief she suffers now
She'd give her life for mine,

So would not I—no, she must live ;
 Be it thy high decree
That she may lead our little band
 To joy, and heaven, and thee.”

The fair child ceased—for near him then,
 in sorrow’s darkest mood,
Breathless, his innocent words to list,
 the weeping mother stood.
He raised his soft, deep loving eye, with
 a thrill of joy, that came
Like the sudden ebbing back of life,
 through his enfeebled frame :—

“And art thou here ! I might have known,
thou that art never far.”

He wreathed his arms her neck around,
and like a glittering star,
Not dimmed or damped by the dews of
death, altho' death lurked so near,
His sunny curls lay motionless on the
breast that throbbed with fear ;
For on his brow there was a light, too
bright for the earth she trod :
It was his call to heaven—the child was
an angel with his God !

MORNING HYMN.

COME, let us raise our hearts to God,
And kneel, and humbly pray ;
'Tis fitting that our little band
Should thus begin the day.

For God it is who gives us joy,
He guards our tender years ;
But for his love we might have passed
Our early life in tears.

He grants us blessings one by one,
He gives them every hour ;
He shields us with almighty love,
Guards with almighty power.

Nor is this all ; well may we seek,
Well may we love to pray,
Since Jesus died upon the cross,
To wash our sins away.

Jesus, who loved us, and who said,
“ Let children come to me : ”
How grateful for kind words like these
Should little children be !

Then let us come before him now,
He will not turn away ;
God is so good, he loves to hear
Better than we to pray.



THE BOOK OF GOD.

WHAT should we do without the Book
The sacred Book of God?
How should we know the better path?
How bear the chastening rod
Without its aid? When God sees fit
To bow us down in grief,
Where, but amid its sacred lines,
Should we seek and find relief?
If by deep pain and suffering
And sickness we are worn,

We look into his Book, and find,
 “Blessed are they that mourn,”*
 Blessed are they that sorrow here ;
 They shall be blessed on high :
 This earth is not their home, and grief
 Prepares them for the sky.
 If we bend, mourning, o’er the graves
 Of those we see no more,
 His Book then tells us they are blessed,
 And all their labours o’er.†

* “Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”—(Matt. v. 4.)

† “Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labour.”—(Rev. xiv. 13.)

Had we to mourn an orphan's fate,
 And think that fate unkind,
 God tells us that the fatherless
 In him a father find.*
 And more, more blest assurances
 Within that Book we see ;—
 Christ Jesus, with an angry God,
 Our advocate will be :†
 For 'tis a saying kind as true,
 That Jesus sought the grave,

* "A Father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows is God in his holy habitation."—(Psalm lxxviii. 59.)

† "If any man sin, he hath an advocate with the Father, Christ Jesus, the righteous."—(1 John, ii. 12.)

And came into this world of sin
That sinners he might save.*
Blessed holy Book ! well may we prize
It as our dearest bliss ;
It fits us for another world,
And cheers us on in this.

*“ This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all
acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world
to save sinners.”—(Timothy, i. 15.)



G—— R——'S

HYMN AND PRAYER.

“Prayer is an expression of our dependence upon
God.”

HYMN.

ALL gracious God, who reigns on high,
On thee will I depend,
Nor fear to seek the throne of Him
Who is the sinner's friend.

How good, how merciful thou art,
To lend a gracious ear !
E'en when the voice of childhood prays,
I *know* that thou wilt hear.

And can it be—shall I be heard,
While tremblingly I raise
My voice to where blest angels sing
Eternal songs of praise ?

Yes, I may plead, and thou, e'en thou,
Will listen to my prayer,
While I, for every cherished one,
Entreat a Father's care

Then let me humbly bend the knee,
And lift my voice on high,
Blest in the blest security
That God will hear my cry.

PRAYER.

All-gracious God, behold me here,
While humbly thus I bow,
Entreating thou wilt crown with peace
A gentle mother's brow.
Let holy joyfulness attend
Her sojourn here below ;
Pour not on her meek heart the stream
Of bitterness and woe.

Let not those loving eyes, that smile
Upon our infant plays,
Be dimmed by one unwelcome thought
Of us in coming days.
And may we, in long after-years,
Like props around her stand,
And may she never have to mourn
A broken household band—
Broken by death! or worse—by sin:
Nor heedless of her care,
May we ne'er blight her dearest hopes;
Christ Jesus, hear my prayer.
Another parent's cause I'd plead,
And I on high would raise

A father's name : shower blessings, Lord,
Upon his coming days.

With kindness he has ever trained
The children of his love ;

Do thou make him thy chosen child,
Christ ! holy one above.

And as he leads us gently on
Through life, be thou his guide ;

Be Father, to our father, Lord,

That o'er the stream may glide
In peacefulness his bark ; and when

His earthly course is done,
May he live ever with his God,
And God's eternal Son.

Again my feeble voice I'd raise,
In deep and earnest prayer ;
Take, take my gentle brother, Lord,
Beneath thy fost'ring care :
And may the light, in coming days,
That shines upon his brow,
Be calm, and proudly beautiful
And innocent as now ;
And may the blue of his clear eye
Be long undimmed by tears :
Be thou his guide, his hope, his stay,
In all his coming years.
And bless my dark-eyed brother, too,
With all his winning ways,

The gentle, thoughtful tenderness

That every look betrays.

Were gifts from thee ! oh, guard them
well !

Let not one bright flower fade ;

Spread wide their perfume, since thy hand

So rich the soil has made.

And bless the fair and gentle babe,

Our plaything and our care,

And make him good and prosp'rous, Lord,

Since thou hast made him fair.

For fair and fairy is the child,

Yet I have seen his eye

Wax strange and dim, and his pale cheek
Proclaim that he must die.
And vain seemed every earthly aid,
And every hope was o'er ;
But thy hand raised him up from death,
So be it evermore.

All-gracious God, in every ill
That may his steps attend,
Be thou, as then, all merciful,
His Saviour and his friend.

I too, O God, for mine own self
Would ask thy gracious care ;
Helpless I am, and much in need
To raise my heart in prayer.

My every effort, Lord, do thou
 Assist, and seek to mend
My sinful ways. But for the thought
 That thou'rt the sinner's friend,
How should I dare to draw so near
 The footstool of thy grace?
How venture thus alone to kneel,
 And meet thee face to face?
For thou hast said, that while alone
 We seek thee out in prayer,
In mercy and in gentleness,
 Thou surely wilt be there.
Then, ere my fervent, last amen
 In trusting hope I breathe,

Amid the band for whom I pray,
Another name I'd weave,
And ask for blessings on her head,
For she has loved me well ;
And I have marked how frequently
Her silent tear-drops fell,
When I, in childish sport, have wreathed
My arms her neck around,
Or with wild flow'rets, culled for her,
Have strewed the perfumed ground.
Lord, send thy love into our souls,
Let us live to worship thee,
So shall *her* heart be comforted,
And *my* prayer accepted be.

HYMN.

LET the name of my Father be proudly
adored,

Let the song of his praise rise victo-
rious and free ;

The cup of salvation has freely been
poured

By the Saviour who purchased redemp-
tion for me.

Down, down, my proud heart, a song
raised to heaven

But a trifling mite in the balance will be.

Think'st thou thus to repay the God
who has given

A Saviour to bleed and to suffer for thee?

Yet swell forth my song, let my Father
be praised,

Though poor and unfitting my worship
may be ;

The heart that is humbly, but gratefully
raised

Will be blessed by the Saviour, who
perished for me.

A WALK IN FEBRUARY.

SEE what a prize I have got,
The first primrose of the year !
Not a snowdrop's head,
From its earthy bed,
Has ventured to appear :
But this, the fairest of all wild flowers,
Has braved the storm and blast,
And on the yet cold wintry scene
Its fragrant beauties cast.



Do you know, mamma, what I thought
upon

Gazing on its pale leaves ?

I thought how pure is the earliest prayer

A little infant breathes :

Then I longed, oh how I longed to hear

Dear baby's earliest word.

Mamma, do you think if it should be

God,

It would on high be heard ?

Oh, if I thought so, I would give

Up all my hours of play,

Even my walks with you, mamma,

To teach him how to say

That single word : from his pretty lips
How sweet the sound would seem !
I wish the time was not yet passed
When God has, in a dream,
Called little children to his love,
As Samuel of yore,
Training them up in sacred paths,
To love him more and more.
How sweet to hear dear baby's voice,
In accents low and clear,
Answering to the call of God,
"Speak to me, Lord ! I hear."

THE SABBATH.

“The Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it.”—(Exodus, xx. 2.)

'Tis Sabbath night ! how still and calm,
And perfumed is the air !
I think upon the Sabbath-night
That all things show more fair.

The stars gleam out more lovelily,
And in the pale moonlight,
Flowers with their dewy breathings praise
The hand that made them bright.

The gushing streamlet's murm'ring voice,
Like distant, prayerful sound,
Steals, as in holy cadences,
Along the hallowed ground.

The music of the leafy woods
Is hushed their bowers among,
For the gay minstrels of their shades
Their last good night have sung.

But most unto the human heart
Is peaceful gladness given,
And Sabbath nights like these prepare
The Christian's soul for heaven.

TO G—— R——.

ALAS ! how many are bending now,
Bathing in tears some pallid brow ;
Gazing, perchance, on a cherished face,
Seeking to hold by love's embrace
The parting spirit from its flight,
Through gates of death to realms of light !

Alas ! how many are gazing now
In grief upon some pallid brow,
Where death's cold lip has lately prest
Its kiss upon the faithful breast

Of the only one, perchance, who hath
Shed gleams of sunshine round their path !

Alas ! how many are writhing now
'Neath the anguished throb of a fevered
brow,

Loathing the day for its sunny light,
Dreading the silence and gloom of night,
Seeking relief or release in vain,
From the heavy weight of their aching
pain !

Alas ! how many are drooping now
With famine writ on their haggard brow !

How many shrinking forms are cast,
Naked, upon the wintry blast !
And, oh, how many are bowed beneath
The ills that will not end in death !

But thou, my boy, I see thee now,
A glow upon thy radiant brow
Of blooming health ; thou hast not known
The cry of pain, the feeble moan ;
Nor shed those tears that pity wrings
From the heart for another's sufferings !

Yes, blessed child ; all brilliant now
Are the bright flowrets on thy brow,

By gladness wreathed ; thou hast not heard
Death issue forth the dreaded word
'To aught thou lovest ; thou hast not bent
'Neath the weight of Heaven's chastise-
ment.

Dwell on these thoughts my child, and raise
Thy heart to Him in grateful praise,
Who grants thee joy, and meekly press
'To thy lips thy cup of happiness ;
Not vaunting thee of gladness given,
Not careless of the love of Heaven,
Not boasting freedom from the rod,
But humbly grateful to thy God.





THE ROMAN MOTHER.

IN Rome, the body of the dead, strewed over with flowers and richly attired, is carried through the streets in an open bier, and laid in the church, where it remains till the appointed hour of interment. The following story is founded on fact.

ON the Roman city rose the sun,
And all looked bright and smiled,
As a Roman mother fondly blessed
Her fair and first-born child.
The sun its high meridian height
O'er the Roman city shed,

When the Roman mother wildly hung
O'er her first-born and her dead.
Prepare the bier, the flowers prepare,
But bring no gloomy rue ;
Bring buds of the brightest gladdest dye,
O'er the sable pall to strew ;
Bring the first leaves of the opening rose,
And, oh, bring the flowers of the dead,*
With its slender stems of paly green,
To twine round the infant's head.

* The periwinkle has obtained this name in Italy and southern countries, from the practice of strewing the bier, and more particularly those of children, with its long and graceful branches.

Lay the wild primrose on his breast,
O'er his hands wild violets strew ;
Meet-offerings they, so simply drest
In their vestures of quiet blue.
Prepare the bier for the young and
fair,
Take the child to its quiet rest ;
For in St. Mary's church to-night
It must lie as for festal drest.
The child is borne to the quiet aisle,
It is laid by the altar now ;
And the wan light of the sacred lamp
Shines on its pallid brow.

The heavy hours of night are passed ;

The mother, unseen, unknown,
Has sought the church where the child
is laid,

To pray to her God alone.

Her falt'ring steps have reached the door ;

She stands in the sacred aisle ;

O God of Heaven, of life, of love,

She is met by her infant's smile.

Yes ! on the sable pall, where late

She saw her darling laid,

With flowers that were to deck its
grave,

The unconscious infant played.

The mother had come to weep and pray,
By the fair child's early bier ;
But she wept and prayed by his living side,
And God received the tear,
And the fervent prayers she offered up,
And the vows she made to Heaven,
To consecrate to God alone
The child he twice had given.



HYMN.

“ I give myself unto prayer.”—(Psalm cix. 4.)

LORD, I would raise my heart to thee,
In deep and earnest prayer,
And duly on my bended knee
Seek thy protecting care.

I'd come to thee, thou God of love,
When breaks the morning light,
And I would raise my prayer on high
In the still hour of night.

I'd bring to thee a grateful heart,
In all my hours of gladness ;
I'd look to thee in faith and trust
Through every cloud of sadness.

I would, for every hour I live,
For every breath I breathe,
Thank earnestly the hand from whom
All mercies I receive.

Lord, I would spend in heart-felt prayer
The life that thou hast given,
Since prayer is the blest path by which
The soul may enter heaven.

THE BROTHERS OF GERMANY.

Two youthful wanderers were they :

They left their native land,

Orphaned and penniless, to range

Together, hand in hand,

Through a wide world, that little cared

How sad their fate might be.

Lord, Father of the fatherless !

They had no friend but thee.

Linked by strong bonds were they; one hour

Had smiled upon their birth ;—





Smiled, for their parents boasted then
 Much of the goods of earth :
Little, yet much, for in their eyes
 Their stores were endless wealth ;
All that they wished their hearts pos-
 sessed,
 Contentedness and health.

But soon an hour of famine came,
 And sickness followed fast,
Until upon a heartless world
 The orphaned boys were cast.
They were thrust forth to beg their bread ;
 But long they lingered still,

'Neath the shadow of their chestnut-trees,
Upon the wooded hill.

Hunger they bore, and sickness too,

To gaze on their own sky ;

For much they loved their father-land,

Their native Germany.

And thus passed o'er their youthful heads

Some weary, struggling years ;

They counted time by *hours* of joy,

That shone through *months* of tears.

Time passed ; they left their native hills

The sea they wandered o'er,

Scarce conscious where their steps were
bent,

They stood on England's shore.

And now, their lesser wants relieved,

They wandered still along,

Singing at every peasant's door

Their own loved mountain song.

And oft the peasants' homely meal

The wand'ring minstrels shared ;

And oft a charitable hand

Fit resting-place prepared.

But never yet those orphaned boys

Partook of frugal fare,

Nor slept, till fervently they raised
Their grateful hearts in prayer.

If all went well with them, they felt
God had in mercy staid
Their heavy tide of griefs ; if ill,
They turned to him for aid.

Thus still through all their chequered life,
Now gleaming bright, now dim,
They looked to God who loveth those
Who put their trust in him.

Kindness they met, but more of scorn ;
And the inclement sky

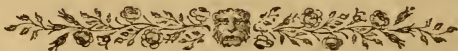
Looked coldly on their houseless heads :
Yet they bore patiently,
Never returning wrathful word,
Or taunt, or angry look,
While the mean pittance, gratefully,
With humble hearts they took.

And soon they met their just reward ;
Though old and gray-haired now,
'They tell the tale that I have told,
While on each furrowed brow
The light of gratitude is set,—
Raising their hearts to God,

They praise him 'mid the mountain
scenes

Their infant footsteps trod.

In early life they wandered far ;
But now, all trials past,
In their birth-place, in their native land,
Their anchor they have cast.
They climb again its wooded hills,
Gaze on its brilliant sky ;
They have regained their father-land
Their native Germany.



HYMN.

ANOTHER day
Has passed away,
Darkness is on the earth ;
Then let me praise,
The wondrous ways
Of Him who gave it birth.

Darkness brings rest
To the weary breast,
Beneath sorrow bending ;

Sleep, for awhile,
Its cherub smile
To saddest features lending.

And darkness brings
On healing wings
Sleep to the throb of pain ;
Balm infusing,
Health diffusing,
Through each fevered vein.

Darkness calls,
When its curtain falls,
The labourer to his rest ;

Toil dividing,
Sleep providing,
To his grateful breast.

Then let me praise
The wondrous ways
Of Him who gave it birth,
Since slumber brings,
On blissful wings,
Peace to the sons of earth.



THE ALTAR IN THE WILDER-
NESS.

I WANDERED 'mid a forest scene,
Wide shadows spread around,
When suddenly my footsteps fell
Upon some cultured ground.

In scenes uncared-for, rude and wild,
That fairy garden lay,
And 'mid its glowing flowers I marked
A little girl at play.



Graceful her form, her look, her mien,
As with light step she moved,
Gazing with earnest tenderness
Into each flower she loved.

But, hush ! a distant pealing bell,
It is the call to prayer.

“Hark ! hark ! that sound,” the fair child
cried ;

“Alas ! and I not there.”

A step or two she made, then stopped,
And brushed her tears away.

“Dear mother, by thy gentle side
I may not kneel to-day.

“Far is the path that leads to home,
I cannot reach in time ;
Never, till now, I’ve wished unheard,
That sacred warning chime.

“I may not join my sister-band,
Kneel at my brother’s knee ;
Nor hear my mother’s prayerful song
Rise gloriously and free.

“But yet my prayer may rise with theirs,
With theirs may swell my song ;
God will receive the sacrifice,
Though made these woods among.”

She knelt upon the dewy grass,
She raised her pleading eye,
And beautiful and holy looked,
As a seraph from the sky.



H——T'S BIRTHDAY.

1st OCTOBER.

DEAR brother, thou art slumb'ring still,
And o'er thy curtained eye
How calmly and how gracefully
Thy peaceful slumbers lie.

One small and slender hand is twined
Thy glitt'ring curls among :
Thus cherubs sleep, when angel-tones
Their lullabies have sung.

But awake, my gentle brother,
Awake, awake ! and mine
Be the first kiss to chase the sleep
That seals these lids of thine.

Mine be the earliest kiss to chase
This dreamy sleep away,
And mine the earliest voice to bless
Thee, on this happy day.

Oh, every heart may bless thee,
But mine the most of all.
Awake, awake, my brother !
Arouse thee at my call !

Let me tell thee how I love thee !

I have no gifts to bring,
Saving the love thy hand has nursed,
That knows no withering.

Well I may love thee !—I have cause,
From infancy till now,
No childish whim could rouse thy wrath,
Or cloud for me thy brow.

Well I may love thee !—I have cause,
For ever by my side
My guardian thou, in hours of fear,
My brother and my guide.

Though few thy sunny years have been,
They do not double mine :
I would my guiding hand through life,
Dear brother, may be thine.

I'll bow me down beside thee here,
And pray that God may bless,
And ever guard through life, thy heart's
Most perfect gentleness.

May he shower blessings round thy path,
And shield thy steps from ill ;
And, oh, may he in after years
Make thee to love me still.

Then awake, my gentle brother !

Awake thee from thy sleep.

I know not—'tis a happy day—

Yet I feel as I could weep.

I've heard of those who wept for joy—

Joyful my tears may be,

For I know, my gentle brother,

God hears my prayers for thee.



U——N'S BIRTHDAY.

17th MAY.

ONCE again the morn is gleaming
That gave my brother birth,
And I see his dark eyes beaming
With more than wonted mirth ;
For every voice has blessed him,
And every eye is love,
And every lip caressed him ;
And to God's throne above

Are rising earnest tides of prayer,
And mine amid the rest :
Oh, may they find acceptance there,
May my brother's life be blest.

Blest may he be—by blooming health,
Unscathed by sorrow's dart,
And long—oh, long possess the wealth
Of a kind and generous heart.

Blest be he in those around,
Who so fondly love him ;
For, oh, never yet was found
A heart to rank above him.

In love and gentleness and truth
And tenderness of feeling,
Lord, make the promise of his youth
Perfect, through thy dealing.



R——N'S BIRTHDAY.

25th AUGUST.

THE morn is up, I must awake,
And rise and kneel to pray,
And thank the God whose care has led
Me on to see to-day.

Far in the soft blue azure sky
Glitters the summer sun,
Not yet in glorious majesty
His yearly course is run.

But I another year have seen,
In summer I was born ;
And now I hail in joy the light
Of this my natal morn.

For God has crowned my life with bliss,
No sorrow have I seen ;
Like unto sunshine without shade
My happy life has been.

O Lord, my God, grant me yet this ;
Hear and receive my prayer ;
Make me through each succeeding year
More worthy of thy care.

TO R—N.

25th AUGUST.

“ I will pray for you to the Lord.”—(Samuel, vii. 5.)

THE model of thy little hand
Is laid before me now,
And I turn to gaze with tearful eye
Upon thy pictured brow.
I cannot clasp that marble hand,
Encircling it as thine ;
And those bright eyes of liquid blue
Send back no glance to mine.

Ever till now, at this same hour,
 Upon this happy day,
I've chased, with many a kiss of love,
 Thy rosy sleep away :
But now thou'rt in the strangers' land,
 And I, my blessed boy,
I may not on thy natal morn
 Wish thee return of joy.

Not wish thee a return of joy !—
 No, dearest child ! but prayer
May rise on high, and thy dear name
 Be fondly whispered there.

For thee there is an earnest voice
Still pleading in my breast,
And if that voice may blessings win,
Thou surely shalt be blest.



H——'S BIRTHDAY.

17th APRIL.

DEAR baby-boy, two sunny years
Your little life has seen ;
But like a dream of nothingness
To you that time has been.

The smiles your dimpled cheeks that deck,
Like sun-beams on a flower,
And the tears you shed are all forgot
Before the coming hour.

But it will not be ever thus ;

Dear baby, you will know
The difference of good from ill,
Of joyousness from woe.

Bright smiles are on your cheeks to-day ;

But little do you guess,
From laughing eyes around you now,
Of the heart's tenderness ;

Of prayers that God may train you so,

That every year that's past
May find you still as innocent,
And wiser than the last ;

That he may guard you still through life,
And bless your blue-eyed boy,
'That a fair life may win for him
Eternity of joy.



THE DREAM.

I DREAMED that on a winter's night
I wandered forth alone,
And, careless of the gathering storm,
Upon a cold gray stone
I sat me down, too full of joy
To heed the chilling blast ;
When, as I mused, with trembling step
An aged father passed.

Bent was his form, and suddenly

More falt'ring grew his tread ;

He sank upon the icy path—

The gray-haired man was dead.

“Alas !” I cried, “thy life is past,

Thy sojourn among men ;

Yet ripe wert thou ; thou must have
seen

Thy four-score years and ten.”

My dream was changed—I thought I
stood

'Mid summer's brightest flowers,

Where rays of noon-day pleasantly

Fell amid shady bowers.
Upon a bank of richest green
A slender form reclined ;
Deeply but gracefully with thought
Her youthful brow was lined.

And with a glad yet pensive grace,
Her dark and loving eye
Followed, with watchful tenderness,
Fair forms that flitted by :
Her children they—with the bright flowers
The lovely infants vied ;
So thought she, and she brightly smiled—
But as I gazed, she died.

Again my dream was changed—I played
 'Mid early flowers of spring,
At opening day, with a little child,
 A gay and gladsome thing.
We sported with a glittering fount,
 That high its treasures threw ;
We crowned his infant brow with flowers,
 Still wet with morning dew.

Joy sparkled in his liquid eye,
 His laugh rang loud and light ;
No pebble on the fair child's path
 But offered new delight :
I listened to that ringing laugh,

Gazed on that happy eye—
I saw the fair child suddenly
Bow down his head and die.

Then, starting from that fearful dream,
“Save, save,” I cried, “the child!”—
I looked around, 'twas summer's morn,
All nature calmly smiled.

My God, and was that vision sent,
Like dream of holy breath,
To teach my over careless heart,
That 'mid our life is death?

Not in my dream alone his dart
Strikes down the young and fair;

The church-yard's graves are numerous—

Age, childhood, youth are there.

Not at a stated hour the hand

Of death its bolt lets fall :

Lord, through thy mercy render me

More fitted for his call.



HYMN.

“Turn thou me and I shall be turned.”
(Jeremiah, xxxi. 18.)

LORD, save me ! was a sinner's cry,
And well may it be mine ;
Lord, I have erred—each hour I err,
Against thy hand divine.

Thankless—ungrateful, I have been
For all thy works of love ;
O Lord, almighty God of grace,
Raise, raise my heart above.

Thou whose almighty word could calm
The raging of the sea,
Calm all my evil passions, Lord,
And turn my heart to thee.

Thou whose all blessed word could change
The water into wine,
Oh change my sinful waywardness,
And make me wholly thine !

Thou who hast stood beside the grave,
And bade it yield its dead,
Oh make my stubborn, stony heart
More willing to be led !

Thou who hast made the lame to walk,
And caused the blind to see,
Lord, Lord, send forth thy mighty word,
And turn my soul to thee.



HYMN.

- "There is none other name under Heaven given among men, whereby we may be saved."—(Acts, iv. 12.)

"DEAR mother, speak to me, I pray,
Tell me of heaven's bliss ;
'Tis a world far more beautiful,
I've heard you say, than this.

"You tell me too, straight is the path .
And narrow is the way ;

How may a little infant climb,
Dear mother, kindly say ?

“ Must I lay evil thoughts aside,
And meek and gentle be ?

Tell me, dear mother, will this gain
A place in heaven for me ?

“ And must I read his sacred book,
Obey each high command ;

Must I in humble patience take
All chastening at his hand ?”

“ Yes, dearest one, all this and more
We each alike must do ;

You must have faith in Christ, dear child,
Who gave his life for you.

You must believe that in his blood
Your sins are washed away :
High was the ransom, great the love,
That could such ransom pay.

“ In Christ, the blessed Son of God,
Secure thy faith must be ;
For this alone, dear child, can gain
A place in Heaven for thee.”

PRAYER FOR BELIEF.

“ Lord I believe ; help thou mine unbelief.”
(Mark, ix. 24.)

By thine own blessed, glorious name,
Thy mercies' never-waning flame ;
The life I at thy hand receive,
Lord, Father, teach me to believe !
By all thy gifts of wondrous love,
Thy endless realms of bliss above,
Thy power in Heaven, in earth beneath,
Christ Jesus, strengthen my belief !





THE FIRST GRIEF.

“Behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke.”—(Ezekiel, xxiv. 16.)

* * * 'TWAS not the wonted hour of
prayer,
Though the hushed chamber lay in still
repose,
And young glad hearts were meekly
bending there,

Worshipping silently; save when at times
arose

A whispered murmur as some heart ex-
pressed

Deep yearning hopes, that might not be
represt :

It was a sight to gaze on—parent and
child

Were bowed together there before their
God,

Fervent and full their hearts looked up
to Heaven.

Not yet with sudden stroke the chasten-
ing rod,

Of Him who seeks not willingly to
wound,
Had blighted their young hopes, nor
time entombed
The love that strengthening still from
childhood's hour,
Knit them together. Fortune had set
Her seal on them, and with unfading
flowers
Had strewed their path — gladness had
followed them,
Even through long years! and now—
their cup o'erflowed.

But, hark ! a sound, a voice, the voice of
prayer :—

List ! 'tis a father speaks, with hands up-
raised :—

Well do such scenes become his silvered
hair

And voice all tremulous—“ Let God be
praised,

Our wanderer will return ! Great thanks
be given

To the all-merciful, the God of Heaven.”

His voice is stayed by tears, tears of
most heartfelt joy,

And a fond mother's love burst forth—

“ My boy, my boy !”

Hear, O my God ! grant yet one blessing
more,

To those already to thy handmaid given ;
Though years of lengthened hope have
wandered o'er,

Since last I gazed upon the placid heaven
Of his blue eye, bring me my boy un-
changed,

Glad, joyous, free, as when his light
step ranged

His childhood's home. Bear him along
the wave

Triumphant, as I've seen his strong arm
brave

The deep blue waters of the lake, that
gave

Back the dear image of his youthful
brow.

My own! my beautiful! I see thee
now,

In memory's eye, all diamond-like, the
spray

Clinging to thy bright curls, till dashed
away

With hasty gesture. Oh the deep love
that lay

Shrined in his heart! the joyous voice,
the tone,

The music of his laughter, all in one
Deep gush of tenderness, returns, and i.
O'erwhelmed, raise a grateful heart on
high,

And thanked the good and gracious God
of heaven

For all the blissful hopes that he has
given.

Then rose a young and gentle sister's
voice,

Let me, O Lord, in humbleness rejoice,

Over his blest return : my friend, my
guide !

What ! in the scenes he loved, by his
dear side,

Shall I go forth to wander, as of yore ?

Shall his kind words, again shed sun-
shine o'er

Each passing hour ?—Oh ! will he love
me yet ?

Shall I my weakness in his strength
forget,

Or prize that weakness which still holds
him near,

To guide my footsteps or to chide my fear.

She bowed her gentle head upon her
breast,

And in her silent heart she breathed the
rest

Of her fond prayer.—Then childhood's
voice arose,

And like the first unfolding of the rose,
Their ruby lips breathed forth a brother's
name :

Though unremembered, o'er their brows
there came

A sudden light of joy, and hands were
raised,

And infant lips the God of Heaven praised,

Then innocently glad, they rose from
prayer,

And each went forth their joyous tasks
to share.—

His room, his books, the walk he called
his own,

The dog he loved, even the cold gray stone
On which his name was carved, with
choicest flowers

Was richly garlanded. The happy hours
Passed on in works of love.—He must
be near ;

There was no thought but joy, no throb
of fear ;

When, hark ! a step, a sudden cry of
dread ;—

He, the beloved, the expected one was dead.

Yes ! he had scaped the bloody battle's
plain,

Had buffeted unharmed the stormy main,

But in his early life's most sunny hour

Had faded, like the snow-drop's early
flower,

That droops not 'mid the chilling breath
of spring,

But 'neath a summer sun lies withering.

Their sun was set—the sun that rose for
years

For them so joyously, was set in tears :
They turned from thoughts of joy, to
thoughts of God,
And humbly bent to kiss the chastening
rod.

They had prayed fervently in joy ;—in
grief,
Again they bent in prayer, and found
relief.



HYMN.

ANOTHER day of life and light
Is given from above ;
O God, how beautiful and bright
Are all thy works of love !

Another night of peaceful rest
The Lord my God has given,
To one whom he has ever blessed
With happiness from heaven.

Food, warmth, and raiment he bestows
On his poor child of clay ;
Parents who soothe his infant woes,
And kiss his tears away.

Boundless, my God, thy gifts have been,
Boundless thy gifts shall be ;
Ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen
The joys that compass thee.

How great soe'er thy mercies are,
Here to thy children given,
More great, and, oh ! more wondrous far,
Are those prepared in heaven.

HYMN.

OH ! dark and rude mysterious storm,
Expend thy fatal rage !
How many names may this dread night
Have written on death's page !

How many houseless wanderers,
'Neath the inclement sky,
Touched inly by thy icy breath,
Have laid them down to die.

How many on the rolling sea
Have sunk beneath the wave !
Lord, where was then thy powerful hand,
Omnipotent to save ?

What, shall I question of thy way,
Or thou thy purpose tell ?
No, Lord, whate'er thy hand has done,
I know that it is well.

Yet may I humbly pray for those,
Meeting the storm's rude breath ;
Lord, be with them in mighty power,
Whether for life or death.

THE HOLY CHILD OF WEST- MINSTER ABBEY.

Ann, third daughter of Charles I., died in her infancy, when not full four years old. Being minded by those about her to call upon God, even when the pangs of death were upon her, "I am not able," saith she, "to say my long prayer," meaning the Lord's prayer, "but I will say my short one:—Lighten mine eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death." This done, the little lamb gave up the ghost.—(*England's Worthies.*)

BOY.

MAMMA, we must tread softly here,
For graves are scattered round ;
And speak in whispers faint and low,
For this is holy ground.

Come with me ; look at yonder tomb,
Say who is buried there ?
Its marble walls and sculptured flowers
Methinks show wondrous fair.

Perhaps some learned man is laid
Beneath its arch to rest,
Or chance some warrior, who has died
With his colours on his breast ;
Giving his heart's most noble blood
His native land to save ;
Ah, no ! now that I see it near,
It is a baby's grave.
Tell me, mamma, what little child

Lies in such stately gloom ;
And see, a crown and sceptre too
Are sculptured on the tomb :
But what is this ? ah ! see, mamma,
An open Bible there ;
And here a little infant kneels,
In meek and humble prayer.

I wish I knew if this fair tomb
Is raised in empty pride,
In memory of some royal babe,
Who has in childhood died :
Or if its marble walls display
A sculptured tale of truth ;

And that the holy infant gave,
In the spring-time of its youth,
Its heart to God.

MOTHER.

Both, dearest child, of high descent
That little infant came ;
And see, in characters of old
You yet may read her name :
“ Ann, England’s Princess,” not alone
Famed for her lofty birth ;
Though few her years, the infant walked
A little saint on earth.

HYMN.

THE God of all that's great and good,
Upon the cross of anguish died ;
A wreath of thorns upon his head,
A spear-wound in his side.

And scornful sinners standing round,
In wrath the Son of God reviled ;
While he their wicked taunts received,
Meek as a patient child.

Why did he bleed and suffer thus?

Was it to gain a throne on high?

No, it was that a sinful race

Might not for ever die.

A throne, a Father's throne was his

Yet those blessed realms of day

He left, that blood and suffering

Might wash our sins away.

For us he left his home above,

For us he wandered here below,

And patiently and meekly drained

The bitter cup of woe.

He suffered that we might be blessed,
He gave his precious life for ours ;
He trod a weary path of thorns,
That we might tread on flowers.

Blest Saviour ! all he asks from us,
For all that he for us has done,
Is “ come to me, and be ye saved,
Give me thy heart, my son.”



HYMN.

“After he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise.”—(Heb. vi. 15.)

LIST to the sound he loved so well,
But never more shall hear ;
It is the church's pealing bell,
That falls upon the ear.

Ever on Sabbath morn he came,
With tott'ring steps and slow,
To worship God's immortal name,
In his temple here below.

In the church-yard he'd linger still,
To gaze upon each stone ;
In youth he drained the cup of ill,
In age he stood alone.

And as he sought the sacred part,
Where humblest graves are found,
Tears from his widowed, childless heart
Fell on the hallowed ground.

Four stately sons lay slumb'ring there,
The old man's joy and pride ;
And there the partner of his youth
Was laid their graves beside.

Through many years his trembling feet
Sought out the house of prayer ;
But vacant now his humble seat,
A stranger's form is there.

Gladly in trusting hope he slept,
Gladly he went to rest ;
To those who through long years have
wept,
A righteous death is blest.



THE SISTER'S LAMENT.

DEAR baby, thou art passed away,
From the gay and gladsome earth ;
Oh ! short has been thy sunny day ;
The spring that hailed thy birth,
And twined her flowers to deck thy head,
Strewing them o'er thy cradled bed,
Hath faded into autumn now,
And the pale cypress wreaths thy brow ;
Dear baby, thou wert bright and fair,
With thy sunny eyes and thy golden hair,

And thy dimpled hands, and thy cherub
smile ;
But thou art fairer now the while ;
For thy blue eye in heaven is gleaming
bright,
And thy soft locks shine with a richer
light,
And the snowy calm of thy infant
brow
Is crowned with a halo of glory now,
And thy young, soft voice, like a clear
bell rings,
As the sweet song of heaven it gladly
sings ;

Pouring forth honour, and glory, and
love,

To Him who reigns in the realms above !

To Him who hath ta'en thee from earth to
heaven,

And washed thy soul from its earthly
leaven

In the fount that flowed from thy Sa-
viour's side,

When for thee on the cross he bled and
died.

And, baby, now to that holy breast

Thou hast flown and found there shel-
tering rest ;

And from thence we would not have thee
back,

Though lonely we wander the weary track,
That our bleeding feet must travel o'er,
Ere we shall meet thee, to part no more ;
Ere we, like thee, shall gladly rest
Our weary heads on a Saviour's breast,
Ere we shall join in the songs of love,
That sound through the realms of light
above.

Farewell to thee, baby!—a long fare-
well !

Lo ! 'tis the wail of the funeral bell.
Beautiful child, they bear thee away,

To thy narrow bed, 'neath the damp, cold
clay ;
But thy spirit, dear baby, has winged its
flight
To the God of love, on his throne of
light ;
And thy soul is at rest through the
coming years
That we, dear baby, must walk in
tears.



TO G—— R——.

ALL slowly and sadly the night passed on,
Sleep would not come at my call ;
For pain had banished the peaceful rest,
Was wont on my lids to fall.

I sought it by many a powerful spell,
Which had used, in other years,
To stay, in the height of my childish ills,
The fountain of my tears.

But I turned in vain on my fevered side,
To gaze on the pale moon-light,
And to watch the silvery beams that shone
On the distant snow-clad height.

Now I trod o'er faithful memory's plains,
And gazed on the cherished past ;
Now I sought with a daring hand to raise
Veils o'er the future cast.

And each seemed formed but to chase away
The sleep I so envied now,
And to press a heavier weight of pain
Upon my aching brow.

Then I thought of thee, dear gentle child,
And soothing tears I wept,
And calmness stealing o'er my breast,
I blessed thy name and slept.



A FRAGMENT.

“Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength.”—(Psalm viii. 2. v.)

Look at that aged man, with silvered
hair,

See, his hand trembles, while with grate-
ful care

And meek devotion in his earnest
look,

He turns the sacred page of God's own
book,

His story I will tell,—'tis short.—He
grew
From youth to manhood, and he never
knew
The word of God ; for no fond parent's
care
Had taught his infant lips the use of
prayer :
Age followed soon on youth—and then
he felt
“ 'Tis now too late to kneel ; I never
knelt,
To God—I never learned in youth to
bow

The knee to him : He will not hear
me now."

With thoughts like these he tried to still
the fear

That rose before him each succeeding
year,

More forcibly : — for every day that
past,

Brought him, still unprepared, more near
his last :

Yet though he feared, he sought not to
amend

His evil way : but God will mercy
send,

E'en to the thankless ; such his love to
save,

That gentlest pity he will often have,
On those who never come to ask in
prayer

A father's love, or tenderness, or care :
So 'twas with this old man.—One sunny
day,

Chilly though bright, for it was early
May,

A young fair child, whose holy brow
expressed

That hope and love were inmates of his
breast,

Within the depth of whose dark eye
there lay,
Rich promises of manhood's coming
day ;
The tones of whose sweet voice were low
and clear,
Like distant music,—chanced to wander
near :
He saw that gray-haired man, and heard
him speak
Such wicked words, as blanched his
youthful cheek :
“ Stop, stop !” he cried ; —“ Oh, speak not
so again.

Each word you utter gives your Saviour
pain,

Through your long life, you must have
read with care

The book of God—and seen “Thou shalt
not swear ;”

The old man listened sullen, and then
said,

“The book of God—I never yet have
read ;

I do not know his word—’tis now too
late,

I am grown old in sin.—’Twas not my
fate

To love him in my youth, and now, when
gray

With age and pain, it is too late to pray.”

“Too late to pray!” the child exclaimed;

“ah no!

’Tis not too late to pray.—I will not go,

Till here, e’en here, beneath his own

bright sky,

You bow the knee, and raise your voice

on high,

Asking forgiveness. Then, for the dear

sake

Of him, your Lord and Saviour, who

could make

So great a sacrifice for us, and die
Upon the cross in tears and agony.
Go now ! within your silent house, and
look

Into the sacred pages of his book,
And read in sorrow and in trembling
there,

The fate that God has doomed for those
who swear.”

Trembling, the old man said, “I cannot
read ;

Nothing I know of Gospel or of Creed ;
Of his commandments nought — and
nought of heaven.”

“ ’Tis not too late. — O God, to me be
given” —

The child exclaimed, raising his gentle
eye,

Replete with holy love, — “ to lead on
high,

E’en to thy throne, thou Saviour of
mankind,

An erring heart, where it may pardon
find.”

His prayer was heard ; and now day
after day,

That little child stole from his home
away ;

And by that old man's side, with patient
care

He heard him con his lesson o'er; and
there

He might be seen, with seraph brow and
look,

And eager finger, leaning o'er the book
Of God—pointing out line by line, and
word

Easy and simple, till with joy he heard
His aged pupil read, without his aid,
The ten commandments that his God
had made ;

While after each, he heard him breathe
 a prayer

That he might follow each with fervent
 care :

And now that gentle child sees him each
 day

Read from the book of life, and hears
 him pray

To his Redeemer. * * *

* * * * *



HYMN.

“Jesus said, this sickness is not unto death.”—
(John, xi. 4.)

I WILL not leave my sister's side,
I love to watch her sleep ;
Calm, placid, are her slumbers now,
Dear mother, wherefore weep !

An hour ago the fever's height
Raged on her aching brow ;
But see with what a holy peace
Slumber has crowned it now !

They said that if she calmly slept
The crisis would be past ;
Dear mother, see, she calmly sleeps ;
Let that tear be thy last.

God, who has heard our fervent prayer,
My sister's health restored ;
Oh may his arm so strong to save,
Be evermore adored.

I'll lay me on her pillow now,
And raise my heart in prayer ;
Thus when this blessed sleep is o'er,
She'll wake and find me there.

Then first on me will turn her eye,
On me her first pure breath ;
Lord God, I bless thee ! thou hast raised
My sister up from death.



HYMN.

My mother's voice falls on mine ear,
Like to a crystal bell,
When she bids Heaven bless her child,
And shield and guard him well.

My mother's voice is soft and low,
Like breath of flowers in spring;
When joining in the evening song,
Our infant voices sing.

My mother's voice like music falls
Upon my gladdened ear,
When 'mid our childish merriment
Her laugh rings sweet and clear.

My mother's voice is sad and low,
Like whisperings of distress,
When she is forced some fault to chide,
Or blame our waywardness.

But, oh the clear-voiced crystal bell
Such music ne'er has given,
As that her hallowed lips let fall
Whene'er she speaks of heaven !

And the sweet breath of early flowers
Ne'er with such sweetness came,
As when her accents gently breathe
Our Saviour's blessed name.



THE ORPHANS.

“Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them
alive.”—(Jeremiah, xlix. 11.)

CHILD.

POOR pretty babies! why, mamma

Do they wear that garb of woe?

Why do they look so sorrowful?

I saw their soft eyes flow.

All o'er with tears—they will not smile,

Or join us in our play;

We ask them ! but they only turn
More sorrowful away.

MOTHER.

Dear child, these pretty babies wear
The garb and look of woe,
Because their gentle mother sleeps
The cold blue waves below.
No daisied turf is made her bed,
No flowers are planted round,
But the wild waves above her dash,
With loud and moaning sound.
They passed from India's shores with her,
Across the boundless sea ;

But by her side the stormy wave
They rode all fearlessly :—
The tempest raged, the winds blew high,
The shattered sail was torn ;
And on its dangerous track the ship
In helplessness was borne.

Then rose the voice of prayer on high,
And the fond mother stood,
Folding her babies to her breast,
Amid the raging flood :
The storm was hushed, the winds were
lulled,
She thought the danger past ;

But death rides on the calmest breeze,
As on the roughest blast.

The gentle mother who had stood
Unharm'd, amid the roar
Of tempest—suddenly had sunk,
When these rude winds were o'er :
The word of God went forth, and she
Must bow her down to die ;
Sure was her trust in Heaven, but deep
Her parting agony.

For these fair children wildly hung
Around her still, and prest

Their balmy, cherub lips to hers,
Or sunk upon her breast,
Praying she would not leave them yet,
Alone on the deep sea ;
Oh, what a sad and harrowing sight
Must such a death-scene be !

CHILD.

Alas, mamma, no wonder then
Their pretty cheeks are pale ;
I thought not, when I asked the cause,
To hear so sad a tale.
Poor babies, left without a friend,
How sad their lot must be !

Have they none to love them, dear
mamma ;—

Their father—where is he ?

MOTHER.

Yes, dearest child, they have a Friend,

One who will not forget,

Though their father in a foreign land

Lingers an exile yet :

Still there is One who loves them well,—

Thou canst not think that He,

Without whose will no sparrow falls,

Indifferent will be

Unto a lot so sad as theirs :
No, He has seen their tears,
Has heard them lisp their fervent prayers,
Has marked their rising fears :
And well thou knowest, His blessed word
All steadfast is and sure ;
He is the orphans' hope and stay,
In Him they stand secure.



HYMN.

“Christ died for us.”—(Romans, v. 5.)

MY God, thou canst my conscience make
As clear as the noon-day ;
And in the blessed blood of Christ
Wash all my sins away !

Make me, in mercy, Lord my God,
More worthy of this grace ;
That I may meet in hope—not fear,
My Maker face to face.

Make me to cling in gratitude
And gladness to the thought—
Thy blessed Son upon the cross,
Has my redemption bought.

Though nought my own good works may be,
In him I stand secure ;
I look but to the cross of Christ,
And my salvation's sure.

I ask for mercies at his hand,
And mercies shall be given :
I rise upon his boundless love,
Up to the gates of heaven.

His care at God's right hand above
Prepares a place for me ;
His name—the name of Jesus Christ,
Shall my salvation be.



THE SAILOR BOY.

“MOTHER, dear mother, one blessing
more,
Ere I take my last farewell ;
I part from my childhood’s guide and stay,
And, alas ! what tongue may tell
If e’er again mine ear shall drink,
From those hallowed lips of thine,
The assurance, worth
All else on earth,
That a mother’s love is mine,

“ Sister, Honora, best beloved !
Droop not when I am gone ;
Yet sing not thou thy gladdest song,
Seek not that bower alone,
 We framed together ; let it be
 Sacred to my memory.
If in God’s holy book ’tis writ,
 We ne’er shall meet again,
Then shall of me its faded boughs
 A fitting type remain :
But if his blessed will it be
 That I return once more,
Soon shall my zealous care for thee
 Its leafy shade restore.

“ Dear mother—sister, gentlest ones,
This grief but gains in power,
Oh, how the yearning heart will cling,
In many an after hour,
To thoughts of this last—last embrace ;
And the tears ye shed for me ;
What balm to the poor exile’s heart
Their memory will be !”

The parting hour is come,—is past,—
He leaves his father’s hall,
He leaves the home his childhood loved,
The sacred spot where all

His best affections had been nursed,
His heart and hopes been raised
Unto the God whose blessed name
His infant lips had praised :
He leaves his home, his childhood's
home,—

A mother's voice no more
May guide his youthful steps aright,
As in those days of yore :
And still a child in years, he seeks
Alone a distant shore.

From pole to pole he wanders now,
Seeks many a foreign land ;

Now visits Iceland's gloomy shores,
Now India's burning strand :
Many he meets of evil course—
Till now he never dreamed
That so much wickedness could be,
Where only goodness seemed :
But he left not the righteous path,
For like a sacred spell,
In each temptation, on his ear
A mother's accents fell,
Gently and bland, in mild reproof,
As if she watched him still ;
Guarding, tho' thus so far apart,
Her cherished boy from ill.

While thus he ranged,—within his home
His gentle mother dwelt,
Wafting full many a thought to him,
Or raising, as she knelt,
His name to heaven, and oftentimes
Tidings of joy there came ;
Long pages, writ in lines of love,
Closed by the wanderer's name.

Years have passed on, to manhood now
The wanderer must have grown,
And on Honora's youthful brow,
Though child-like still, is thrown

A deeper shade of thought, and soon
Dark lines are written there—
She trembles for a brother's life,
She clings to earnest prayer ;
She seeks with more intense desire
The footstool of her God ;
She bends to pray
His hand to stay,
The heavy chastening rod :
She ventures not to tell her grief,
But marks, in terror wild,
The trembling of her mother's lip,
As she names her absent child.

Oh silent now is his loved home,
 Around the household hearth
Lingers no more the ringing tones
 Of joyousness and mirth :
And on his parent's gentle brow,
 Such suffering look is cast,
As the young mother sends on high
 When to her heart is clasped
The fair but faded form of him,
 Her pride—her eldest born,
'Torn from her wreathing arms away,
 Even in childhood's morn.
And where was he—the wanderer ?
 While thus a deep'ning gloom

Hung o'er the hearts he loved the most,—
Was his a distant tomb?
Sank he beneath the poisonous breath,
Of India's burning sky;
Or slept he in an ocean grave,
Where waves his lullaby
In loud and ceaseless moaning poured,
Above his dreamless sleep?
No! he had braved the angry storm,
Had watched the raging deep,
When thunder rolled, and the dark wave
Rose foaming, mountain high:
But the word of God had not gone
forth,

He was not thus to die ;
Nor was he laid to silent rest
Beneath the palm-tree shade ;
 No stranger hand,
 On foreign strand,
His narrow home had made.
Such had not been his doom—but he
 Had found a living grave,
Within a dungeon's loathsome cell,
 (No friendly hand to save,
No kindly voice to whisper hope,)
 The exiled stripling lay,
Wasting within a prison-walls
 His early life away.

Was it this thought that on his cheek
Had shed a hectic hue ?

Was it this thought that dimmed and sunk
His eye of joyous blue ?

Was it for self he pined and drooped,
Within his silent cell ?

No ! No !—he thinks of those alone
His spirit loves so well.

He drooped, and they too drooped apace,
But hours of joy are near :

Oh, never yet to heartfelt prayer
God turned unwilling ear :

His prison-doors are opened wide,—
Upon his native shore

He stands, and with a grateful heart
Owns all his sorrows o'er.

Within that home, so silent late,
A well-known step is heard,
A voice—a long-lost voice has sent
One single cherished word ;
In gentle whisper through its halls
Softly and low it came ;
But it fell like lightning on the ear,
As it spoke a mother's name ;
A sister's too—and quick as thought
These cherished ones are prest,
Clasped in affection's long embrace,
Upon the wanderer's breast.

TO G—— R—— ——.

“God had mercy upon him, and not on him only, but on me also; that I might not have sorrow upon sorrow.”—(Philippians, ii. 27.)

MY blessed child! and I was far

When sickness round thee hung,
And fever on thy cherub lips
Its baneful influence flung.

I was not near to mark with dread
Thy blooming cheek grow pale,
'To bend in fear and trembling o'er
Thy melancholy wail.

I was not by thy cradled side,
To soothe thine hours of pain ;
It might have been, my blessed child,
We ne'er had met again.

Death might have tamed that joyous heart,
Have claimed thee as its own,
Have sunk thy voice to whisp'rings low,
Then hushed its gentle tone.

Death might have pal'd thy dimpled cheek,
Have dimmed thy loving eye ;
For death still nips the fairest flowers,
And all alike may die.

But prayer rose from thy mother's heart,
And one that loves not less ;
And the great God of mercy spared
Our hearts this bitterness.



HYMN.

JESUS, whose blissful home is heaven,
To wandering on this earth beneath,
Thirty years of life has given,
To fix and strengthen our belief :
Jesus who laboured thus for me,
Teach me to labour unto thee.

Jesus bore upon this earth
Toil and suffering, grief and pain,
To secure our second birth,
Sinners being born again :

Jesus who suffered thus for me,
Teach me to endure for thee.

Upon the cross my Saviour died,
Washing all my sins away ;
“It is finished,” he cried,
Man’s redemption’s sealed to-day.
Jesus—Lord—who died for me,
Teach me how to live for thee.



SPRING.

HARK ! hark ! that sound, 'tis the wood-
lark's note,

And see where the happy songsters float,
Beating the air with their free, glad wings,
And carolling forth their welcomings
To early flowers—for the snow-drop's
head

Is rising now from its earthy bed,
And the pale green of its fairy stem
Is crowned by a snowy diadem ;

And the silv'ry birch is bending now,
'Neath weight of buds on its slender bough,
And the hazel's graceful catkins droop
Their feath'ry forms o'er the gushing
brook,

No longer bound by its icy chain,
But winding its glad free course again,
Through hill and wood, and the joyous
earth

Welcomes anew the spring's glad birth :
Welcome, thrice welcome, ye sunny
hours !

Welcome, thrice welcome, my fair wild
flowers !

I love the spring for the shade of green
It casts on every well-known scene,—
For the mossy bank, the murm'ring rill,
The music of the wooded hill ;
But, oh, more than this, I love the
 spring,
That it comes a herald of glittering wing,
Spreading sure tidings, far and wide,
That glowing summer, in all its pride
Of beauty and richness and depth of
 shade,
By its heavy masses of foliage made,
Is near at hand, to crown and bless
This lovely world with loveliness.

I know not—but it seems to me,
As spring might well an emblem be
Of this our life,—aye changing still,
From sun to shade, from good to ill ;
But summer, oh ! summer was surely given
To picture forth the eternal heaven :—
Calm, cloudless, of unchequered ray
Is the sunny light of a summer's day,
And the wide expanse of the azure sky
Is a fitting type of eternity :
Then welcome, bright and joyous spring !
Welcome thy certain heralding
Of coming joy, of buds and flowers,
Of sunny spots, and shady bowers,

Of stately trees, in foliaged pride !
Welcome, thrice welcome, my fair spring-
tide !

Fair in thyself, but, oh ! brighter far
That thou art summer's harbinger.



LINES,

ON A FAMILY WHO, IN THE YEAR 1826, WERE DROWNED
BY THE RAPID ADVANCE OF THE TIDE.

THEY had gone forth in gladness all,
To bathe in the dark blue sea ;
And with the foam of the rising waves
They played right merrily.

Little they dreamed of coming fate ;
The sea was calm, the sky
Betokened peace, how could they deem
This was their hour to die ?



LOSSING.

They were a gay and joyous band,
Three little bright-haired girls,
Whose eyes of deep and lust'rous light
Looked out from waving curls.

And one of yet more tender age,
A baby young as fair,
Clasped to a faithful guardian breast,
By a fond mother's care.

She bore it through the whitening foam,
And smiled to mark its glee,
As o'er the waste of waters wide
Its eye glanced fearlessly.

Oh, what a little space may turn
All gladness into woe !
The angry tide comes rushing on,
To lay that bright band low.

Vain, vain all effort, vain all haste,
In every rising wave
Is borne a call that summons them,
Each to a wat'ry grave.

“Save me, my mother! save thy child!”
One infant voice arose ;
“More dark, and, oh, more terrible,
The deep'ning water grows!”

“Hush! hush!” a sister’s voice replies,
“Oh add not grief to fear;
Dear mother, see what God has sent,
A sheltering place is near.

“Could we but reach that jutting rock,
Safely we might remain,
Until this giant strength of tide
Is carried back again.”

These brief words, like a gleam of joy,
Broke in on her despair;
With hurrying step she gains the rock,
And lays her infant there!

Again, again, through dashing surf,
Her children's side she seeks :—
O God ! that cry of agony,
What thrilling dread it spreads !

They had clung together, hand in hand,
But waves came fast and strong ;
And the mother sees, while yet afar,
Her fairest borne along.

“Help ! help ! oh save me !” cried the child:
No mortal hand can save ;
Fast to the ocean's depths 'tis borne,
Upon the foaming wave.

With frantic force the mother bears
Two to the sheltering rock ;
Falt'ring more faint at every step,
Beneath the billow's shock.

“ Spare, spare,” she cried, “ in mercy spare,
My yet surviving three !”
She spoke and o'er their hope and stay
The waves dashed furiously.

Then rose the voice of the little child,
Whose eager eye had seen
The only spot where they had hoped
That shelter might have been.

“Mother, dear mother,” thus she cried,
“This is no hour for fear ;
In darkest trials like to this,
The hand of God is near.

“Amid the fierce and chilling wave,
His arm is our defence ;
Oh, cling no more to earthly hope,
Turning to Omnipotence.

“One only thought in this dark hour
Can pale my cheek with dread ;—
My father ! oh, what mighty grief,
Hangs o'er thy cherished head !

“How wilt thou bear thy lonely lot,
How brook thy silent hearth?
This morn its echo to our laugh
Was its last sound of mirth.

“Then let us pray, for his dear sake,
That God may still be near,
To comfort and uphold his soul,
Amid its grief and fear.”

She knelt upon the less'ning rock ;
Higher the dark waves grew,
Till o'er her meek head, bending down,
Their glitt'ring spray they threw.

“Up, up, my child !” in frantic dread,
The wretched mother cried ;
She saved awhile her bright-haired one,
But the dear baby died.

It 'scaped her now enfeebled hold,
It sank amid the wave ;
And the poor mother shrieked its knell,
Above a foaming grave.

She had saved awhile, 'twas but awhile
Her bright-haired one from death ;
The waves claimed other victims yet,
And chilled her with their breath.

More faint she grew, she could not strive
 Against their weight, and they,
Mocking the mother's agony,
 Bore the fair child away.

She floated on the billow's breast
 Her hands still clasped in prayer ;
Could angels die—their dying scene
 Might have been pictured there.

On, on, the waves rolled on apace ;
 The mother held on high
Her last surviving babe,—in vain,—
 Together they shall die.

Unconscious, for the grasp of fear
Had ta'en all sense away,
Like a flower upon the mother's breast,
Struck to the heart she lay.

Oh ! who the mother's grief may paint,
Clasping her drooping child ?
Or who shall marvel if her words
Rose fearfully and wild ?

“Father of all, thine eye is closed
In this dread hour of fear ;
Thou couldst not mark such agony,
And yet refuse to hear.

“My God, my God, desert me not;—
Oh, spare this little one!
And yet,—all gracious God of heaven,
Thy blessed will be done.”

Sudden, her eye had sunk subdued,—
She bowed her humbled head;—
She knew she clasped in childless arms
Her gentle infant—dead.

No more she prayed to God for life,
Nor strove against the tide;
And the lifeless and the living one
Down to the ocean glide.

Nought was relaxed that tender clasp,
Though the baby felt no more ;
And on their chilling breasts the waves
To death the mother bore.

She raised her gentle heart to heaven,
For strength to her was given ;
She called upon the name of God,
And gave her soul to heaven.



G—— R——'S HYMN.

FATHER of all, to thee I bend,
The sinner's hope, the infant's friend ;
Father of all, to thee I fly,
The Saviour through eternity
Of all who seek thee out in prayer,
Of all who ask thy guardian care,
Of all who raise a pleading eye
In trusting faithfulness on high,
Of all who seek their way to win,
From out the fatal paths of sin.

Father of all, to thee I bend,
The sinner's hope, the infant's friend ;
Thou wilt not turn away thine eye,
Thou wilt not leave my soul to die ;
Worthless, unworthy as I am,
The blood of thy most holy Lamb
Has washed, has cleansed my faults
 away,
Has formed anew this sinful clay,
And reigning now, by thy right hand,
He trains for heaven a righteous band.

Father of all, to thee I bend,
The sinner's hope, the infant's friend ;

Lord make me of that righteous band,
Lord guide me to that sainted land,
Where countless angels hourly sing
Hosannas to the mighty King,
Who reigns in heaven. in earth and
air,
Whose wondrous works are every where ;
Whose mercies, boundless as his love,
Can fit me for a home above.

Father of all, to thee I bend,
The sinner's hope, the infant's friend :
Let me not tread that path alone
That leads to thee ; thine eye has known

All my past life, and thou hast seen
What thy frail child had surely been,
Without that gentle parent's care
Who trained his early thoughts to prayer ;
And thou hast seen, Lord, from on high,
How truly, fondly, faithfully
Those bonds are weaved which thou
 hast blest
Deep in each Brother's faithful breast ;—
Lord, be those bonds which thou hast
 given
Unsevered, when we meet in heaven !

HYMN.

I LOVE the summer sun, that sheds
Its golden rays of light ;
I love the stars that gleam amid
The canopy of night.

No ray upon this lower world
The glitt'ring sun lets fall,
No twinkling star but does proclaim
That God is all in all.

And, oh ! I love the bright wild flowers,
 Their fair and slender stems,
And the half opening buds that form
 Their simple diadems.

Each slender stem, each fragile leaf,
 Each opening bud betrays
The beauty of the hand of God,
 In all his wondrous ways.

I love to hear, at evening's close,
 The blackbird's liquid note ;
Or like to waving fairy bells,
 'The red-breast's music float.

No warbler pours its strain along
The depths of the green wood,
But seems, in its gushing song, to tell
That God is very good.

The sun, the moon, the singing birds,
The merest weed or flower
That blossoms but at his command,
Speaks his unrivalled power.



HYMN.

“Thou art my God; early will I seek thee.”
(Psalm lxiii. 1.)

CHRIST JESUS, Saviour of mankind,
Hear a poor infant pray;
I long to tread the righteous path,
If thou wilt lead the way.

Lead me, my Father, lead thy child,
Even at thy throne to bow;
And stamp the cross of holiness
Upon his youthful brow.

Many, of years as few as mine,
Are brought to see thy power,
And to declare, in lisping tones,
Thy praises every hour.

Oh! let me follow in their path,—
The path that leads to thee;
Let the morning of my life be pure,
That pure its close may be.



THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

COME hither, R——n, I have met
With a pretty tale to-day,
One like to those you love the best.—
Ah! there, your favo'rite play
All suddenly is laid aside,
It pleases now no more :—
Well, listen, dearest child, and know
That upon India's shore,
To the dark tribes of that far land,
The Bible is unknown :

They kneel not to the Christian's God ;
They worship wood and stone ;
And many are the fearful rites
Their darkened hearts employ,
As offerings to the heathen's god,
Such as, my gentle boy,
Would curdle thy young blood to hear ;
But with these scenes of woe,
My present tale has nought to do :—
It chanced that, long ago,
When wand'ring through the gorgeous
west,
A youthful stranger came

To a city that his swarthy guide
 Called by a Christian name :
Its silver domes and towers of gold
 Shone with a dazzling light,
Reflecting back with burning ray
 The sun's meridian height :
But yet in vain the golden beams,
 Like sunny smiles, were shed,
For all seemed cheerless, sad, and still
 As the city of the dead.
And woman's eye was dimmed with grief,
 And childhood's ready tear
Flowed silent, and the warrior band
Leant with dark brow and idle hand,

Upon the disregarded brand,
Or on the bloodless spear.

Mutely the wanderer stood and gazed,
When, lo! with solemn toll,
A muffled bell speaks to his ear
Of a departing soul :
And then an earnest eager crowd
Came hast'ning blindly on,
And bore him, in their hurrying course,
Half willingly along :
Some wearing wreaths of flow'rets came,
And some with jewels crowned,

And many scattered jessamine leaves,
And spice and perfume round ;
Until without the city gate,
They bowed them down in prayer :
Well might the stranger wond'ring gaze,
A Christian's grave was there ;
Then rose again the frantic wail,
And thus he questioned low,
Of an old warrior by his side,
Why all these signs of woe .—
“ Say, has there passed from this glad earth
One of a mighty line ;
That thus a nation bends in grief,
Beside yon sainted shrine :

Fell the loved chieftain of your tribe?"

The warrior answered thus.

While pointing to a reverend form,

“Our chieftain mourns with us ;

His kingly robes are cast aside,

He bears no state to-day,

But bent, his humblest slave beside,

Kneels on the earth to pray :—

Farther I may not answer now,

But, stranger, wend with me ;

Or, stay, seest thou the lonely cot

Beneath the tall palm-tree ?

Go rest thee there ; I may not leave

Yet for awhile the sod,

Where, Christian, we are met to pray,
Unto the Christian's God."

He bowed his stately head, and waved
The stranger from his side,
And soon to prayer's meek accents sank
His lofty voice of pride.

Now, when the sacred rites are o'er,
The Indian's kindly breast
Gave forth its friendly welcoming,
To his young Christian guest ;—
"Stranger," he said, "when yonder bell
Tolled for this solemn day,
You questioned if a chieftain's soul

Was passing hence away,
That thus we mourned ! No, stranger, no ;
You saw our mighty chief,
Humbled like us beneath the power,
The mastery of grief :
You saw him, on that lowly grave,
Bending a willing knee,
In token that there slumbered there
A mightier than he.

“ Brief is the tale—ten years ago
To images of gold
We gave our worship, wood and stone,
Gods that were bought and sold ;

But one there came, of British birth,
From his own native shore,
To teach us of the one true God,
Who reigns for evermore ;
A God of might, yet full of love
For the lovers of his name,
Unchanged, unchangeable through time,
Eternally the same :
His was the ever-powerful arm,
That raised this wondrous earth,
And his the love that gave for us,
One of immortal birth,
To weep, and agonize, and die
Upon the cross of death,

Breathing forth love to our lost race,
E'en with his latest breath.

“Yes, stranger, yes, all this and more
He taught our hearts to know ;
But death's dread warrant had gone forth,
It laid our best friend low :
Yet, stranger, though we see him not,
His precious words remain,
And this our boast and privilege—
We bear the Christian's name.

Three years ago, on this same day,
Stranger, the white man died ;
Three times at twelve moons' interval

We've bent his grave beside.
And still, through each successive year,
Upon this sacred day,
We plead to heaven, to Christ, to God,
To wash our sins away !”
May he in mercy hear the prayer
Of the poor Indian's breast ;
And grant to his benighted land
The day-star of the blest.



HYMN.

FATHER, remember me, thy child,
In every coming hour :
I feel my weakness, strengthen me
With thy almighty power.

Remember me when my young heart
With every bliss o'erflows,
And all the world's best, dearest joys
Thy bounteous hand bestows.

And teach me then to raise my soul
In grateful praise to thee ;
Oh, in the careless day of joy,
Father, remember me !—

Remember me when sorrow comes,
To blight this buoyant heart ;
For I, my God, may live to see
Its every bliss depart.

And lead me then to seek relief,
My God, from only thee ;
Oh, in the bitter hours of grief,
Father, remember me !—

Remember me when, on the bed
Of sickness and of death,
My straining eyeball shuns the light,
And fails my struggling breath.
Then, then, oh, grant thy sinking child,
Sure hope and help in thee ;
Great Jesus in the hour of death,
Save and remember me !



HYMN.

I KNOW, when I lie down to sleep,
That God is near my bed ;
That angels watch, by his command,
Around my infant head.

I know, when I kneel down to pray,
That still my God is there ;
He hears my word, he sees my thoughts,
And will accept my prayer.

I know, when I go forth to play
That God is by my side ;
'Through every hour, at every step,
He is my guard and guide.

I know his eye sees every thing,
In earth, and sea, and air ;
That he, in darkness as in light,
Can see me every where.

Then let me guard each thought, each word,
Lest he should chance to find
Evil within a heart that should
Be gentle, meek, and kind.

THE SABBATH HYMN.

LIST to that murm'ring sound, the name
Of God is fitly praised ;—
It is the solemn sabbath hymn,
By infant voices raised.

Gaze on, it is a lovely sight,
For there, link'd hand in hand,
The little worshippers around
Their gentle mother stood.

And on each infant's dimpled cheek,
And on each brow is set,
A seal of budding holiness,
Shall bear rich blossom yet.

For depths of holy tenderness
Lurk in each gentle eye ;
And soon a mother's earnest care
Shall raise that love on high.

Gaze on, it is a lovely sight
Those beings, young as fair,
Are bound by ties of brotherhood
One family is there.

At morn, at eve, and oftentimes,
Throughout the summer day,
We hear their infant voices rise
Together, when they pray.











